

She shall be habited, as it becomes  
The partner of your Bed. Me thinks I see  
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping  
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,  
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands  
Of your fresh Princess; ore and ore diuides him,  
'Tixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th'one  
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster then Thought, or Time.

*Flo.* Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my Visitation, shall I  
Hold vp before him?

*Cam.* Sent by the King your Father  
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,  
The manner of your bearing towards him, with  
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,  
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,  
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting  
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,  
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,  
And speake his very Heart.

*Flo.* I am bound to you:

There is some sappe in this.

*Cam.* A Course more promising,  
Then a wild dedication of your selues  
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,  
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,  
But as you shake off one, to take another:  
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who  
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,  
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,  
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,  
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,  
Affliction alters.

*Perd.* One of these is true:

I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,  
But not take in the Mind.

*Cam.* Yea? say you so?

There shall not, at your Fathers Honfe, these seuen yeeres  
Be borne another such.

*Flo.* My good Camillo,  
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as  
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.

*Cam.* I cannot say, 'tis pittie  
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse  
To most that teach.

*Perd.* Your pardon Sir, for this,  
Ile blush you Thanks.

*Flo.* My prettiest Perdita,  
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)  
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,  
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?  
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,  
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

*Cam.* My Lord,  
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes  
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,  
To haue you royally appointed, as if  
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,  
That you may know you shall not want: one word.

*Enter Autolycus.*

*Aut.* Ha, ha, what a Foole Honesty is? and Trust (his  
sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold  
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,  
Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife,  
Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe

my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first,  
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed, and brought a be-  
nediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose  
Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good  
vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but some-  
thing to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the  
Wench's Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes,  
till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest  
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences sticke in  
Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was fence-  
lesse; 'twas nothing to giue a Cod-peece of a Purse: I  
would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no  
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the  
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pick'd  
and cut most of their Festiuall Purples: And had not the  
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daugh-  
ter, and the Kings Sonne, and fear'd my Chowghes from  
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole  
Army.

*Cam.* Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there  
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

*Flo.* And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*?

*Cam.* Shall satisfie your Father.

*Perd.* Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

*Cam.* Who haue we here?

We'll make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may giue vs aide.

*Aut.* If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging,

*Cam.* How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)

Here's no harme intended to thee.

*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

*Cam.* Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that  
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy poutie, we must  
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou  
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments  
with this Gentleman; Though the penny-worth (on his  
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

*Aut.* I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well  
enough.)

*Cam.* Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is half-  
fled already.

*Aut.* Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't)

*Flo.* Dispatch, I prethee.

*Aut.* Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with  
conscience take it.

*Cam.* Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophetic  
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe  
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat  
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,  
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken  
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may  
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-board  
Get vnderfery'd.

*Perd.* I see the Play so lyes,  
That I must beare a part.

*Cam.* No remedie:

Haue you done there?

*Flo.* Should I now meet my Father,  
He would not call me Sonne.

*Cam.* Nay, you shall haue no Hat:

Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

*Aut.* Adieu, Sir.

*Flo.* O Perdita: what haue we twaine forgot?

*Pray*

Pray you a word.

*Cam.* What I doe next, shall be to tell the King

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;

Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,

To force him after: in whose company

I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose fight,

I haue a Womans Longing.

*Flo.* Fortune speed vs:

Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

*Cam.* The swifter speed, the better.

*Aut.* I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an

open eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for

a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out

workes for th' other Sences. I see this is the time that the

viuist man doth thrise. What an exchange had this been,

without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?

Sure the Gods doe this yeere conuie at vs, and we may

doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about

a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with

his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of ho-

nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not doe it: I

hold it the more knauerie to concele it; and therein am

I constant to my Profession.

*Enter Clowne and Shepheard.*

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery

Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds

a carefull man worke.

*Clowne.* See, see: what a man you are now? there is no

other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and

none of your flesh and blood.

*Shep.* Nay, but heare me.

*Clowne.* Nay, but heare me.

*Shep.* Goe too then.

*Clowne.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your

flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your

flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those

things you found about her (those secret things, all but

what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe

whiffle: I warrant you.

*Shep.* I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his

Sonnes pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man,

neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me

the Kings Brother in Law.

*Clowne.* Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you

could haue bene to him, and then your Blood had bene

the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

*Aut.* Very wisely (Puppies.)

*Shep.* Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this

Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

*Aut.* I know not what impediment this Complaint

may be to the flight of my Master.

*Clowne.* Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest, I am so some-

times by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-

ment. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

*Shep.* To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

*Aut.* Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the

Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?

your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and

any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover?

*Clowne.* We are but plaine fellows, Sir.

*Aut.* A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue

no lying; it becomes none but Tradef-men, and they of-

ten giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it

with stamped Coyne, nor stabbing Steele, therefore they

doe not giue vs the Lye.

*Clowne.* Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if  
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

*Shep.* Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

*Aut.* Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest

thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath

not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Recciues not

thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy

Bafenesse, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I

infinite, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am there-

fore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that

will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there:

whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

*Shep.* My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

*Aut.* What Aduocate ha'st thou to him?

*Shep.* I know not (and't like you.)

*Clowne.* Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say

you haue none.

*Shep.* None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

*Aut.* How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,

Therefore I will not disdaine.

*Clowne.* This cannot be but a great Courtier.

*Shep.* His Garments are rich, but he weares them not

handlomely.

*Clowne.* He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fanta-

sticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking

on's Teeth.

*Aut.* The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?

Wherefore that Box?

*Shep.* Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and

Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee

shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech

of him.

*Aut.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shep.* Why Sir?

*Aut.* The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard

a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for

if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know

the King is full of griefe.

*Shep.* So 'tis said (Sir): about his Sonne, that should

haue married a Shepheards Daughter.

*Aut.* If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him

flye; the Curles he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,

will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

*Clowne.* Thinke you so, Sir?

*Aut.* Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make

heauie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine

to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder

the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is

necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-ten-

der, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace; Some

say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him

(say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths

are too few, the sharpest too easie.

*Clowne.* Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)

and't like you, Sir?

*Aut.* Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flay'd aliue, then

'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps

Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead;

then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hor

Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognos-

tication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall,

(the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him;

where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.)

But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose mi-

series are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall;

*Tel*